



On the way back to the Chateau she rode part of the way with a grizzled old farmer returning from market and was lucky enough to find a party of motorists from New York who gladly took her the remainder of the way.

Mother was on the lawn, Wynne and Edouard were looking everywhere for her and who but Madame Favier was standing beside the Duchesse in the doorway! She had just returned from Paris!

"Where were you?" everyone of them asked at once. "We thought you had gotten yourself lost once more," Edouard said, with a short laugh.

Once in the drawing room, Jeanne-Marie snuggled into the chair beside Mrs. Darrow and asked, "Mother, is it ever right to break a promise—when it is going to make someone happy?"

"Well, dear, if someone's happiness depends upon it, I should say it was right!" was the answer.

"I'm so glad you think so—because I just *have* to break one," Jeanne-Marie said, and she walked slowly over to the chair where the Duchesse was seated. Holding out the big, clumsy portfolio, she said, "Won't you please look at these?"

The Duchesse opened the portfolio and a look of amazement filled her eyes. "Why, *Cherie*, where did you get these? They are my Chico's! Where did you find them?"

"My father gave them to me," Jeanne-Marie answered candidly. "I've always had them." Then she related how, in a poor lodging house in New York, her father had fallen ill. He had asked her to help him keep his name a secret because he had proven a failure and could not bear that his family should ever learn of it. She had promised and he had given her his portfolio of drawings, saying, "Keep them, Jeannette, some day they may be of a little value." After a few days they took him away to the hospital and he had never returned, and she, Jeanne-Marie, had been placed in the Children's Shelter. She had kept the promise made to her father and stolidly refused to

Jeanne-Marie's Promise

By Margot Lucile Ridge

Chapter Six

give any information except that her name was Jeanne-Marie and the portfolio had been given her by a "good friend." "But now I can tell it—" she went on, "because it will make you happy, and that is what Father would want."

"And to think that I did not see that you were our own when we were on board the ship," Tante Therese said, "so stupid am I, not to have seen Chico in you."

It was a great sorrow to the Duchesse to learn that her beloved Chico would never return to them. She had always hoped that some day he would appear as mysteriously as he had gone. But now . . . well, it was a wonderful comfort to have this serious little brown-haired girl who was Chico's own little daughter.

"We can all be happy now—" Jeanne-Marie said thoughtfully. "These (pointing to the portfolio) will bring much money, and you won't ever have to start a school in Paris now, will you, Tante Therese? And Father wasn't a failure after all!"

"Oh, my own little Jeannette!" the Duchesse cried, "Chico's little girl—it is almost too wonderful to be true." She kissed Jeanne-Marie tenderly and smoothed back her glossy hair. "You are a great deal like him," she kept repeating.

Of course, Tante Therese must hold her and kiss her, too, and Edouard must tell her how "perfect" it was to have a brand new cousin! It had happened so suddenly that everyone was asking and answering questions all at once. Mrs. Darrow could hardly believe that this wee brown-haired girl whom she had taken from the Shelter only a few months ago was the child of a noble French family,—it seemed so much like a fairy-tale—with Jeanne-Marie suddenly becoming the Princess.

The Duchesse had not been so happy since that glorious day when the cruel war ended. She held Jeanne-Marie as though she would never let her go. "Now I shall be almost as happy as if Chico were here," she said. "How shall you like living here at this old Chateau with us, *Cherie*?"

All at once Jeanne-Marie realized that something had happened which changed everything. She hadn't thought about these people wanting to keep her. Why, she belonged to Mother!

"Oh, I love you and Tante Therese and Edouard very much—but I couldn't leave Mother and Wynne!" she declared.

"Jeanne-Marie!" Wynne cried, flinging her arm about Jeanne-Marie's waist, "you won't go away from us, will you? Please say you won't! Mother, don't let them take Jeanne-Marie away from me!" she implored.

"Wynne, darling, this is something Mother cannot interfere with.



"We thought you had gotten yourself lost once more," Edouard said."

Mme. Favier is Jeanne-Marie's aunt—these are her own people and we *must* give her to them."

"I couldn't ever leave Mother and Wynne, Grandmere," Jeanne-Marie explained.

"*Mais, non, Cherie,*" Tante Therese exclaimed, "let's not think about leaving anyone! We want to be so happy to have found each other that there mustn't be the tiniest dark cloud anywhere!"

"Your aunt is right, Jeanne-Marie," Mrs. Darrow told her, "we should be wonderfully happy now."

"But, Mother," Jeanne-Marie implored, "you won't leave me—please say that I may stay with you and Wynne always!"

"I wish I could, little Daughter," Mrs. Darrow said, comfortingly, "but suppose we do not think about it now."

Then the Duchesse came forward with a plan to make everyone happy. "Surely, since Mme. Darrow has brought to us such a priceless gift, she will allow us to show our gratitude and appreciation. The Chateau is a great house and its walls should echo with the ringing of many voices as in the old days."

"But, certainly," Tante Therese put in, "Mme. Darrow and *la petite* Wynne are to come to us?"

"Oh, Mother, if you only would!" Jeanne-Marie pleaded, while Wynne danced about like a tiny puppet. Poor Mrs. Darrow could hardly hold out against such a combination, so it was finally agreed that she and Wynne should spend the remaining months of their French visit as the guests of the Duchesse and her daughter.

The days that followed were filled with happiness for the three children. Edouard, Wynne and Jeanne-Marie roamed over the country, visited the charming little French villages, the ancient inns and walled towns that Brittany is so rich in, and spent long lazy hours on the golden stretch of sea-shore. Sometimes they went in Edouard's tiny car but more often they took cross-country hikes. There were wonderful days spent in the Chateau when they followed Edouard from room to room as he told them thrilling stories of bygone days when knights and ladies held gay receptions in the great halls, when soldiers battered at the gates, and the hero of the De Laurent family,—Gaston de Laurent, grandfather of Edouard and Jeanne-Marie—held out against three score of invaders! Edouard was very proud of his fighting ancestors and knew every story of valor connected with the old Chateau!

Wynne and Jeanne-Marie tried bravely to learn French from Edouard while he, in turn, did his best to gather a bit of English, or "*Americaïn*," from the two girls. Tante Therese had asked them not to explore near the Ruined Chateau where their great adventure began on that day weeks ago. The children wondered why they should not pay a visit to the his-



The Bare Teddy Bear

By VERNA GRISIER McCULLY

My teddy bear is almost bare,
His coat is worn today,
The fur that's left is scant and rare,
I've hugged it all away!

My teddy bear's had wear and tear,
His whiteness now is gray,
But after all, what do I care?
I love him more this way!

toric old ruins once in a while, but since Edouard had given his word not to take them there, both of the girls dismissed it from their minds.

In spite of those golden days at the Chateau, where she was treated very much as a royal little princess, Jeanne-Marie could not be entirely happy. She was always thinking of the day when Mother's novel would be finished, when she and Wynne would be returning to America. And how was she, Jeanne-Marie, ever to be truly happy without Mother and Wynne?

One morning, a large, rather important-looking letter arrived in the post. It came from America and was directed to Mrs. Darrow! Jeanne-Marie flew up the stairs to the sunny little balcony-room where Mother spent her mornings writing. Mrs. Darrow smiled as she opened the letter and Jeanne-Marie could not help thinking she acted a bit mysterious. There was a gleam of mischief in her eye this morning. She had noticed Grandmere and Tante Therese whispering and laughing with Mother, too, and she could not keep from wondering what their secret could be.

Edouard only shrugged significantly and murmured, "Oo knows—maybe eet ees som'ting wonnerful—maybe not!"

At luncheon, Mrs. Darrow announced she had completed her book; Jeanne-Marie's eyes filled with tears as she thought how near the dreadful day was when her two loved ones would sail away—forever!

"Congratulations!" Grandmere and Tante Therese beamed. Wynne looked across the table to where her Mother sat and burst out, "Oh, Mother, are we going away then? Are we going home?" she asked with tears in her voice.

"That is exactly where we are going," Mrs. Darrow replied. "How would you like to live at the Ruined Chateau, supposing it were no longer ruined but, instead, had grown into a very charming little country house?"

"Oh, Mother!" Jeanne-Marie and Wynne exclaimed in one breath.

"But the Chateau hasn't any rooms to live in, Mother," Wynne objected. "It's just walls and the teeny little cells we were locked in that time." Hope had faded from her voice and her eyes were filling with big tears.

"Just you wait and see what delightful rooms it has now!" Tante Therese smiled. "The workmen have done such wonderful things over there that you would never recognize your old ruins now."

"So that is why you didn't want us to go there," Wynne cried, clapping her hands; "and is it ours, Mother?"

"Our very own Chateau—and, best of all, I have a letter this morning telling me Hettie is on her way over, this very minute!" Mother announced.

"I knew it all the time," Edouard told them with a wee chuckle, "but I make a promise I wouldn't tell—and I couldn't break him then, could I?"

"I'm so happy, Mother," Jeanne-Marie cried, running around the table to where her Mother sat. "Now we shall all be together, always."

"That is why I bought the little Chateau, Jeanne-Marie, because even though you belong to your Grandmere and Tante Therese, you are still my own little girl just as Wynne is—and I could never leave her, could I?"

Gifts of Spring

By ISABEL NEILL

The woods hang out their presents.
From every alder tree
Are gleaming yellow pendants;
Perhaps one's meant for me!

The willows offer silver
A child would love to touch;
The buttercup gives up her gold
Too much for me—too much!

The flashing rainbow river
And birds with merry rhyme
Make me believe that spring must be
Dear Nature's Christmas time!

The Beacon Family

Our family is a large one. Do you remember the story of the old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she did not know what to do? The *Beacon* family has as many children as the old woman in the shoe. Of course all the members of the *Beacon* family should know each other, but they are so scattered that they never all meet together. The one way in which to get acquainted is through the Beacon Club letters. They help us more than anything else to know one another. When you write a letter to the Club you have an introduction to the whole *Beacon* family.

More than Pictures

By EMMA FLORENCE BUSH

Upon the walls of one of the rooms of the Boston Public Library a series of some of the most wonderful pictures in the world. They were painted by Edwin A. Abbey and they tell the story of the Quest of the Holy Grail.

As every school girl and boy knows, the Holy Grail was the cup from which Jesus drank in the Last Supper with His disciples, and was treasured by them. Legend says it was brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea. This Cup had mystic properties especially those of healing.

It was given by Joseph to one of his followers and was treasured in his family for many years. Joseph, on presenting the Cup, had warned that unless its guardian was pure in word, thought and deed, the Cup would disappear.

At last one of the guardians broke the conditions and the Cup disappeared. Many knights went in quest of it, among them those of Arthur's Court.

It is interesting to watch those who come to look at these beautiful pictures. Many approach at first with curiosity or indifference, but as they look at them a change comes over their faces and even the most thoughtless seem to catch, for a moment at least, a glimpse of the spirit that guided the knights of old in their quest.

Many people will say, "Oh, Abbey had a wonderful gift. All he had to do was to take his brush and paint them!"

Was that all? Abbey was twelve years in completing these pictures after he had spent many more years in long hard work learning to be a master artist.

As to the pictures themselves, behind the scenes they depict shines out the hours of labor in learning to make brush and paints express the thought in the painter's mind, as well as the spiritualized ideal that grew for years in his mind and heart.

It is this that makes the thoughtful observer turn away impressed by the fact that the visitors have been seeing much more than pictures.

St. Louis Youth Receives Donald R. MacMillan Cup for Outstanding Communication with Arctic

By Thelma Z. Wiles



JESSE L. KIEFER

MOUNTED on an oil-cloth-covered kitchen table, by the window of a small dining-room, is a home-made radio station. Above the set are rows of call-number cards that are pasted to the ceiling, the stations ranging anywhere from Siam to Paris.

The set cost less than eighty dollars to build, yet it can send and receive messages to the Arctic Circle. The builder of it is Jesse L. Kiefer, of St. Louis, Missouri, who was frequently in communication with the Donald R. MacMillan Expedition during 1930, while its exploration ship cruised the waters of Labrador and Iceland in the interests of the advancement of science. And because Kiefer's radio work was pronounced outstanding radio service, he recently received a large and handsome silver loving cup, presented to him by the Chicago Traffic Association, an amateur radio organization, and Paul H. Davis, of Chicago, whose son, Paul H. Jr., served as radio operator for the MacMillan expedition. Kiefer communicated with members of the Arctic expedition by means of the Continental code, which he learned by continued listening-in on his set. And on this home-made sending and receiving set, he has communicated with stations all over the world. His is known, too, by its call number and letters, W9DYJ. And, although he talked back and forth frequently with the explorers about their work, health and state of mind on July

21, August 3, and August 11 of 1930, Kiefer had that rare experience of a perfect two-way communication with the *Bowdoin*, the MacMillan ship. Some of the messages received were one hundred and fifty words in length. And many of the messages which he received from the ship, he relayed to the persons for whom they were intended. On one occasion he relayed a message from young Davis, the operator in the Arctic, to his father in Chicago, the first word a curious, and perhaps anxious, father had heard from his son for two months. Considering that there are 18,000 licensed amateur radio stations in the United States, the significance of the youth's work becomes immediately apparent.

Only two other amateur stations in the world established communication with the Arctic that was of sufficient importance and accuracy to merit awards. One station so honored is in Detroit, the other at Chelmsford, England, both of which are geographically nearer the MacMillan Arctic base than that of the station at St. Louis, which lies very near the northern boundary of the Mason-Dixon line.

Kiefer uses a low-power 7½-watt transmitter, U-X two-ten and a wavelength over 14,000 kilocycles; a tuned plate, tuned grid, and ordinary, brute-force power supply; a two-tube receiver, obtaining a note that is pure, direct current signal. He is enabled to communicate with far corners of the earth without interfering with customary radio traffic.

Kiefer, who is eighteen years old, began to experiment with radio sets during his last year in grammar school. He graduated from high school in June of 1930.

"Yes, about five years ago I made my first receiving set," he modestly explained.

He dislikes to talk of his work to outsiders, for fear he will be accused among his associates of "showing off."

"I became curious as to the mechanism of what made the thing possible, so I studied up on the subject and began to listen-in every spare minute I had, but particularly at night.

"I gradually learned the physics of the apparatus and kept on experimenting, as I was counting on getting in touch with the *Bowdoin* crew if possible.

"Last January I passed the Federal Radio Commission examination for a license to run an amateur radio station. Then I bought my materials and built the set I used for Arctic communication.

"I was told by my grandmother, with whom I live, that I lived with head-

(Continued on page 120)

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

COMPANIA ELECTRICA,
SANTO DOMINGO, R. D.

Dear Editor: I like *The Beacon* very much. I would like to wear a Beacon Club pin very much. My grandfather is the minister of the First Church of Roxbury; his name is Rev. Miles Hanson.

With love,

MILES HANSON DAVIDSON.

11 VINE ST.,
MONTPELIER, VT.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I like *The Beacon* very much. My Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Brown. I am thirteen years old and I would like some girl of my age to correspond with me.

Sincerely yours,

BETTY ELLIS.

10 GRANITE ST.,
PETERBORO, N. H.

Dear Editor: I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and have one of the pins to wear. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. I go to the Unitarian Church. I like to read *The Beacon*. The story of "The Horse with the Roman Nose" was very exciting. My teacher's name at Sunday school is Mrs. Cummings.

Sincerely yours,

HAROLD PERHAM, JR.

Box 57,
ACCORD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear the pin. I go to the Unitarian Church in South Hingham. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like most of all the puzzles on the back page. I am sixteen years old and in the sophomore class at High School. I would like to correspond with someone of my age.

Very truly yours,

IDA L. LORING.

CARLISLE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I thought I would like to join the Beacon Club. I have a young tiger cat for a pet. I am eight years old and am in the third grade. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school; my Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Ricker. My school-teacher is Miss Morrison. I live on a farm. There are two horses and two cows at the farm.

Yours truly,

BILLY CANN.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

And here's a warm welcome to the SEVENTEEN new members we have in Winchester (Mass.) Church School: John Blanchard, Mary Bowden, William Burt, Pearl Campbell, Elizabeth Collins, Helen Downer, Russell Webb Ellis, Robert Gardner, Albert Gaum, Nancy Hall, Ruth Olmstead, Robert Orpin, Jr., John Plumer, Judith Reed, Edward Shurburn, John Twombly, and Ross Whynot. That means TWENTY-NINE new members since the first of January. And that means that Winchester has a larger number of members in the Beacon Club than any other school. Hurrah for Winchester!—Ed.

St. Louis Youth Receives Donald R. McMillan Cup

(Continued from page 119)

phones on my ears. I guess I did for about a year," he smiled. Now he is studying the Morse code, which is used in telegraph communication, at the American Telephone and Telegraph School. The report at the school shows that Kiefer already sends and receives four words a minute faster than the average in the Morse code, although his course is not completed.

From the beginning of his school days, he has been particularly interested in science and mechanics, having devoted as many school hours as possible, not to mention spare time, to the study of mechanics and to mechanical drawing. Kiefer is likewise a musician, as many of scientific bent have proved to be,—to wit, Einstein, who plays the violin, Darwin, who loved music and heard it daily in his home, and many of the Renaissance scientists. Kiefer is a professional musician, not merely a strummer of piano and banjos, as he is the leader of a small St. Louis dance orchestra, the Collegians. He not only plays the piano adeptly, but is clever on the drums and saxophone.

"I shall always have my music,—I love it, but I don't intend to make it my life work," he said when asked about his future plans.

"My ambition is to be a radio engineer and I should certainly like to work up to the position of engineer of some good radio station. I'll study the subject at home and at libraries, and keep on experimenting. And maybe by hard work and good experimentation, I can achieve my goal."

Puzzlers

Words Found in "Automobile"

How many words can you find made up of letters contained in the word "AUTOMOBILE"? The following definitions should help you to locate ten of them.

1. To stew
2. A foot covering
3. Domesticated
4. Plunder
5. Tardy
6. Partner
7. To post
8. A crowd
9. Constructed
10. To become liquid

There are at least ten more words in "AUTOMOBILE." How many more can you find?

B. RANDOLPH.

Twisted Names of Trees

1. Rbihe
2. Unintamo Sha
3. Cepna
4. Lawtun
5. Palme
6. Oaqsuie
7. Stupenalye
8. Hepae
9. Tsuthene
10. Repuse

ANN W. KIMBALL,
Winchester, Mass.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 26

Anagrams. — 1. Break. 2. Tours. 3. Meals. 4. Staff. 5. Snail. 6. Friar.

Twisted Names of Books in the Old Testament. — 1. Job. 2. Numbers. 3. Psalms. 4. Kings. 5. Deuteronomy. 6. Ruth. 7. Leviticus. 8. Samuel. 9. Chronicles. 10. Genesis. 11. Judges. 12. Exodus.

THE BEACON

For School and Home

MARIE W. JOHNSON, Editor

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